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INTER NOS

Vol. II

June 1950

No. 2

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Editorial

The June issue of "Inter Nos", the second number of Volume II, sees the Quarterly half way through its second year of life.

Encouragement has come from interested subscribers, and comments on the articles which they liked best. We welcome such expressions of opinions as constructive, and to a certain extent indicative of what we should try to offer as worthwhile diversion for our readers' leisure hours.

The current number continues the studies and research of Dr. Pollia, three contributions from Alumnae, a brief section devoted to Alumnae news, and a continuation of the sketches from the history of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet—a series of articles written in celebration of the three-hundredth birthday anniversary of the Sisters of St. Joseph and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Mount Saint Mary's College. October 15, 1950, is the day. The students contribute the other articles, as this is their number of "Inter Nos".

Let us take as our closing editorial thought that June is the month of the Sacred Heart, and that this devotion was taught us in a wonderful manner by Christ Himself, through St. Margaret Mary, His intermediary. The Church has always cherished symbolism and Our Divine Lord has expressed His Love, by His own symbol, a Heart lance-pierced, thorn-

crowned, and consumed by burning flames—flames of love for saints, for sinners, for all mankind.

In return, what shall we offer Him during His month of June? "Sacrifice each day one of your desires to the Sacred Heart, so that gradually you may become absorbed in Him."

*O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may love Thee, daily, more and more.*

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

The Cancer Cell: Sagacious or Demented

By Joseph A. Pollia, M. D.*

PART III

SYNOPSIS OF PART II—The cancer cell has been called a normal cell gone crazy. It leads an aimless, purposeless existence. It is injurious to itself and its neighbors. It does apparently no useful work. Cancer cells and crazy persons present the greatest problems of our time. Both cancer and insanity may spring from the same causes; heredity, frustration, drugs, heat, cold, light, fatigue, infections, unbalanced diet, chemicals, bodily abuses, hormones and a number of other influences. However, this must be made clear: insane persons do not suffer from cancer more often than the sane. No common predisposing factor produces cancer in one instance and insanity in another. A common weakness or deficiency may eventually be found, none exists now. The cancer cell is much weaker than the normal cell in nearly all respects; it succumbs more easily to the ordinary harmful contacts. Yet, these individually weak cells in groups of a million or more form the greatest puzzle in medicine. The history behind most cancer cells is that of a long period of ceaseless exposure to one or more of the above mentioned influences. An unhealthy area develops. Later a sore forms. The sore breaks down and cannot heal. Finally, the area around the sore begins to grow away from the point of origin. And, this is when the cells have changed into cancer. It takes a long while to bring this about. During this period, cells are repeatedly injured and many of them die. The survivors grow faster in an effort to overcome the damage. As the person ages, the blood supply decreases and this speeds up the growth power of the survivors. These reactions increase with the passing of time until they reach the point where the entire purpose of these cells is merely to prevent their own extermination. Viewed in this light, is the cancer cell a crazy cell or could it be a cell that has grown wise in the way and means of survival.

Rather than a cell gone crazy, the cancer cell might be a fighting cell. The fight instead of working might be inherited or the product of unceasing and deadly opposition. Opposition is necessary to growth and development. Opposition that goes beyond the amount needed for these purposes results in overgrowth and under-development. Opposition in normal amounts is provided in a number of ways. All living cells have an affinity for solids: STEREOTROPISM. Solids tend to draw the cell toward them. The cell stretches toward the solid obstacle and thus must grow. Low temperatures act like a damming back of normal growth. Hormones, fatigue, chronic infections, heredity, drugs, heat and light provide opposition by disturbing the even ebb and flow of the circulation. Even the cancer producing chemicals restrain growth. The opposition does not end with growth and development. When the cell is mature deadly opposition may come from blocking of the normal work or function frustration. This is not to be confused with function inhibition. Function frustration is where the work gets going but the above agents halt it; an interruption of completion. Since the circulation must favor function or work, function frustration ends in disturbed blood flow, deficient oxygen and accumulation of waste products.

Strange how opposition over the amount needed by living cell, the individual or the community for its development and growth produces overgrowth and underdevelopment in all three. The boast of the highest standards of living in world history (highest development in world history) is paid off by fall in birth rates and vice versa. The most efficient and intelligent persons have the fewest off-

spring; whereas where the standards of living are low the birth rate is high. Thus the power of growth in the cell is the result of the resistance it has to overcome in order to survive.

The spineless cactus project of the late Luther Burbank offers an interesting viewpoint in this respect. He reasoned that the desert cactus had to survive the gradual drying of the vast inland sea that once formed the San Joaquin valley. It had to survive not only the drying and gradual lack of moisture but also the repeated near destruction by the herbivorous animals that ate it. The complete destruction was prevented by the roots remaining in the ground; the animal cropping the plant only as far as the teeth could reach. He also noted that this now forbidding plant so well armed with spines and protected with hard work where the spines were fewest when it began to grow from cuttings sent forth shoots that were nearly devoid of spines and tough exterior. Here then was a living thing that needed all of its biological forces in propagation and in survival and precious little left for useful work. By making countless numbers of new shoots from equally numberless cuttings, he was able to a large extent to "entice" a descendant that perhaps is more like the original cactus of the long past thousands of years.

In the experience of the cactus, one might see the effect of two injurious factors: the dehydration and the injury of breaking and cutting the already harassed plant by the animals seeking new sources of food.

In cancer cells, they are able to produce and work but it is very striking, that the cancer cell, like the crazy or anti-social individual does not work unless there is no other source to do the vital job. At one time, it was believed that cancers did no work, they only grew and grew. Now one type of cell does work: the cell which forms the cancer of the thyroid. And, this unique member of the cell groups will only go to work and produce thyroid hormone, if the normal thyroid gland is destroyed completely. At this point, it is good to relate an actual observation. Radioactive iodine, a product of atomic energy ought to have killed the cancer cells of the thyroid. The thyroid gland has an affinity for iodine, like a sponge has for water. Now when the thyroid cell becomes cancerous it is as has been said above much weaker than the normal and one would suppose much more in need of iodine. However, when the radioactive iodine was injected or taken, the cancer cells of the thyroid would have nothing to do with it; while the normal thyroid cells literally drank it up. And what was most disappointing was the cancerous thyroid cells that were growing in the skull, spine and other parts of the body to where they had spread, grew merrily on. How could this be? Here is a cell needing iodine and yet knowing that this kind of iodine would kill it leaving it severely alone and letting the so called good thyroid normal cell pick it up and die. If such a cell is crazy then it must have the same kind of in-

sanity as that species of red furred animal with a bushy tail scientifically known as *Vulpes fulva*. It is astonishing that a cell with apparently no memory for past experiences, no perception and not even receiving machinery like the whole being has can learn this lightly specialized difference between a poison and food.

Then something equally as fascinating happened. A patient with no thyroid—it had been removed sometime before, entered the hospital. The subject was suffering from the overgrowth of cancer cells in distant parts of the body. Rather without much enthusiasm, he took the radioactive iodine. Ergo! those cancer cells now picked it up like the normal cells would have done and like the normal cells promptly died.

What happened? Why the cancer cells of the thyroid since there was no normal thyroid cells to produce thyroid hormone for them; and, they must have thyroid hormone to live, simply had to go to work and make some, even tho it was only for themselves. And that is what turned out for the cancer cells to be a fatal mistake. For in going to work, they had to give up some of their effort to normal function and in so doing lost some of their highly developed power of fighting and surviving.

Criminologists say that the instinct to live well without working or the conviction that work is beneath them is behind some of the most desperate criminals. If the example of the cancer cells of the thyroid is an example: putting these unfortunate people to work may be as effective as capital punishment. In working they would lose the highly developed conditionings of survival and thus be as liable to harmful mistakes as so-called normal persons.

The frightful capacity of these cells, in themselves weak except for numbers and yet so relentless and destructive is inevitable. For if the instinct to survive is the strongest in living things, it is solely because in the individual it is the total of that same instinct in every individual cell.

It has been said that there is no common finding or characteristic in this terrifying form of life. In this the author disagrees. There is! And this common attribute is survival. The cancer cell outlives every other form of cell in its special group. Now, here is a strange proof. The paramecium, a small invisible animal in water, was exposed to a solution of an artificially manufactured cancer producing compound: methylcholanthrene. This is the compound used by the Sisters and students at Mt. St. Mary's College to produce skin cancers in mice.

The methylcholanthrene did not make larger paramecia, such as does one of the viruses that make cancer in chickens and then the little animal falls apart. It did not shrink it and multiply its numbers. But, what it did do was to PROLONG the life span of these lowly forms of life.

Sherman, the nutrition expert of Columbia University, has

shown that underfeeding, delayed or retarded development, the use of balanced diets in which the milk protein which is so kind to the kidneys may increase the life span of experimental animals from seven to many more human years. It is to be noted that these measures, like the cancer producing compounds, restrain and retard.

The prolongation of the life span through regimes that restrain and retard growth leads to frustration of all the principal activities of life. Modern culture's greatest triumph is the prolongation of the life span. A good deal of this increase is the result of PASSIVE measures, dietary restrictions, immunity against infectious diseases, shorter hours of physical effort in work, adjustment of sodium and potassium balance to favor disease recovery, sedentary diversions as afforded by radio and television and many other familiar advances.

However, like everything else, these benefits are not without a price and the price, barring accidents and a few of the deadly diseases, might be CANCER or INSANITY.

(To be continued)

AT SAN GABRIEL

By Lillian May Evans, an Alumna

This was inspired by a painting of Our Sorrowful Mother which was brought by Padre Junipero Serra from Spain and carried along El Camino Real. When the Franciscan Fathers were accosted by a band of savage Indians near the Rio Hondo, just out of El Monte, they unfurled this painting. The savages, awed by the startling beauty of the sorrowful face, fell to their knees and allowed the missionaries to go unmolested. This priceless relic faded with age, but still possessing ethereal beauty stands today on the altar of the Old San Gabriel Mission.

PRAYER TO OUR SORROWFUL MOTHER

O Mater Dolorosa! Hear our prayer ascending,
As down that bitter road to Calvary, your footsteps
followed his. Oh way heartrending!
That path which led to death and our salvation.
That road your beloved Son must walk alone, to part the
gates of heaven for all creation.

Oh! with what eager hands you would have helped him,
To ease those aching shoulders of the cross;
As in his holy Childhood you did shield Him,
From every threat of danger and of loss.
But in life's cruellest moment, you could help Him not.
Oh! Mary, your heart was crucified with Him, our Mother

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

By Sister M. Dolorosa

(Continued)

One bright morning, on the feast of St. Joseph, two young girls were kneeling in the Chapel of the Sisters of St. Joseph at their convent of Bas. They had come to witness the ceremony of the reception of the habit by the postulants and the pronouncing of the novices' vows. Bishop de Gallard noticed the two as he entered the Chapel, and the inspiration came, "Two future religious. They will become Sisters of St. Joseph." He planned to enquire about them after the ceremonies were completed.

Marguerite and Jeanne Fontbonne were the two young women, one twenty-one and the other nineteen years of age. Eldest of the children of Monsieur and Madame Michel Fontbonne, they had been educated by the Sisters of St. Joseph in their earlier years at a day school at Bas, their home town, and later at a boarding school at Le Puy of which Mother St. Frances was superior and Sister Mary of the Visitation, Mistress of Novices. Both these religious were the sisters of M. Michel Fontbonne.

In those earlier days each convent whose size warranted, had its own novitiate and autonomous government, though foundations springing from a certain centre, were bound by ties of affection to that particular community from which they had been sent forth. Jeanne and Marguerite had long desired to become religious. Because of the sorrow that their leaving home would cause their parents, each sister had kept her secret to herself. When Marguerite finally took Jeanne into her confidence she found to her consternation that her sister had also heard God's call. Both had chosen the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and hoped to enter the Novitiate at Bas.

They decided to delay breaking the news to their good father and mother for a time, and to test their vocation arranged for themselves a little rule of life, to follow in their own home, practicing virtue, training themselves in self denial, and praying fervently that God would open the way for their entering religion.

Though the Fontbonne family was united by the closest bonds of love and harmony, Jeanne was especially dear to each of its members. The mother had seen the awakening of a religious vocation in Marguerite, but Jeanne's vivacious nature, general interest in affairs, devotion to her younger brother and sisters seem to have concealed her secret even from her closest and dearest. And now, the hand of God was leading the two sisters nearer to the life for which He had chosen them. Bishop de Gallard was His instrument.

The prelate asked Mother St. Frances about the two girls he had noticed in the Chapel. On learning that they were her nieces, he said that they should make arrangements at once to embrace the religious state. He also told Mother St. Frances (the superior) that he was establishing a community at Monistrol and planned that she should inaugurate the work. As his plan included the opening of a novitiate, he advised that arrangements be made to take her two nieces with her as the first postulants. The disclosure to their parents of their desires was thus precipitated, as the Bishop wished Mother St. Frances to leave for Monistrol at the earliest possible time.

Jeanne undertook the duty of breaking the news to their father and mother, an ordeal from which Marguerite shrank. The shock of losing both daughters was great, but the Fontbonnes, sturdy in their Catholic faith, revered this call from God, and soon brought their wills to submission to His plan. God gave them their children; they could not refuse to yield them back to His service. On July 1, 1778 Marguerite and Jeanne, entered the new novitiate at Monistrol. Differing slightly from the present custom of receiving subjects on two definite dates with reception and profession days, March 19, and August 15, our earlier communities received postulants when they seemed fitting, and gave them the holy habit at the end of the required probationary period. Thus we find the two young Fontbonnes receiving the habit on December 17, 1778. Marguerite was given the name, Sister St. Teresa, and Jeanne, Sister St. John—the beloved Apostle was already her patron saint.

Two years of novitiate followed, a training and testing period in which the young religious were instructed in the work of the Congregation especially the duties of the religious life, and the rules which govern it. They practiced to acquire that union of the active life with the contemplative—a union on whose foundation, the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph rests secure.

Mother St. Frances, perhaps fearing weakness in her natural affection for her nieces, seems to have put them through a course more rigorous than that demanded of novices in general. She was particularly strict with Jeanne, whose natural gifts, for leadership, for winning confidence, respect and affection, may have caused the superior to require from her a higher degree of virtue. Both the sisters, having fulfilled the requirements of the novitiate made their profession on the same happy day.

Soon after making her vows Sister St. John was chosen head of the school at Monistrol. Her influence was soon evident both among the pupils and their parents. With rare tact she drew some careless fathers and mothers back to the Sacraments through instructions given to their little ones.

When choosing Mother St. Frances to make the foundation at Monistrol, Bishop de Gallard, had promised her community at Bas

that the separation would be temporary and he would restore their loved superior to them, when the new convent was firmly established. The Sisters did not allow him to forget his promise and finally he directed that Mother St. Frances return to Bas and announced that he was appointing Sister St. John to succeed her as superior at Monistrol.

As Sister St. John was then about twenty-six years old, her appointment came as a surprise to all, but to the young superior it came as a stunning blow. She urged her lack of experience and what she considered her general unfitness for the important office. The Bishop kept to his choice, assuring her that experience in administration was a product of time.

Bishop de Gallard's choice was soon justified. Her zeal and kindness in her community, her deep charity and love for souls, her spirit of prayer began to bear abundant fruit. "Love for each other with the self-sacrifice which springs from such love, above all love for the good God" became the keynote of her life, within her convent and in her dealing with persons of the world.

Sometimes the esteem of the good Bishop became a source of embarrassment to its humble recipient. As on one occasion, when after blessing the corner stone of a new hospital at Monistrol, the Bishop insisted that Mother St. John come forward and add her blessing to his. She looked on this honour as one of the greatest humiliations of her life.

Mother St. John's whole-souled charity embraced not only the children in her schools, as well as their parents; not only the sick and poor in the hospitals of her community, but the sick and poor of the whole city. She was equally kind to the wealthy when they had need of her "consolation and direction." "Mother of the City" was the term of endearment by which she was frequently described.

Catechism classes provided instruction for young and old. Workshops were conducted to teach mothers and young, unmarried women sewing and the proper care of children. In the field of Social Welfare and Catholic Action the Sisters of St. Joseph were pioneers though their labours were not graced by such titles. The Sisters spoke of them as "their day's work" in which prayer, and the inspiration to virtuous living were influences for the good of those whose confidence was gained first, through material things.

II

Following Luther's defection in the 16th century and that of various founders of rapidly succeeding religious sects, the result of discarding Papal authority was soon apparent. The Catholic attitude toward revelation, revered as coming from God, and being therefore on a higher plane than human reason could attain, among the so-called "reformers" underwent a gradual, and sometimes a subtle change, with reason steadily usurping the rights of revelation. Rationalism prepared the way for agnosticism and atheism.

Literary men in France, at times brilliant in style, clever at sophisms, but unhappily weak in faith, lent their talents toward the spreading of dogmas dangerous to faith, and deadly in their effect on society. Social evils were arousing the poor and underprivileged to a spirit of revolt, fed by their hatred of the rich in general, and fostered by atheism's hatred of God and of His Church. Many of the higher clergy, knew little of the bitter lot of the poor of France's great cities. Country Curés, zealous in giving all for the alleviation of their people, as well as those working in the crowded slums were all included in atheism's wide-flung net, designed with hellish ingenuity for the elimination of the Catholic faith. Selfish, pleasure-loving kings and courts refused to heed the distant roar of vengeance. When finally its blows fell in fury, its victims were first the Church and the least guilty of the kings of France, Louis XVI.

A "Civil Constitution of the Clergy" was drawn up, a flail to beat out the wheat and replace it with the chaff—the ambitious, or fearful and weak-willed priests who for their own safety bowed to the revolutionists and turned over their flocks to the influences of an atheistic regime.

The saintly Bishop de Gallard, refused to take the oath, though threatened with death. His friends arranged for him a refuge in Switzerland, feeling that his exile would be temporary, and hoping to save him for better days in France. He was never to return.

The Curé of Monistrol, Father Ollier, took the oath, betrayed his people, and helped lead them to follow his error. Failing to win the compliance of Mother St. John and her community, to take part in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament with himself as its leader, he turned against them in his rage and tried to arouse the parishioners against them. Pope Pius VI pointed out clearly the apostasy of the oath, and some of the misled clergy retracted. Not so Father Ollier. He brazenly presented himself as a candidate for the See of Le Puy left vacant by the absence of its true Bishop.

When repeated attacks were made on the convent, Mother St. John fearing for the safety of her daughters advised them to leave their convent quietly and return for a time to their homes where they would be safer because less observed. The parting was sad, but the Sisters recognized the wisdom of their Mother's advice. She knew that all of them, except one, had relatives who would welcome them. The exception, Sister Martha, she kept, for the time, with her and Sister Teresa who decided to remain a little longer at Monistrol. Their stay was short. A few days later a band of blood-thirsty ruffians broke down the door, and with blasphemy and vulgar jests drove the Sisters into the street. Some loyal neighbors took them in, while the rioters were distracted by their orgy of destruction. The property then was turned over to the Commune, as the government called itself.

When darkness fell, friends helped the Sisters to reach the Fontbonne home unobserved. Here in this pious household, the little community tried to carry on the exercises of their consecrated lives, with their father and mother taking part in their hours of prayer. They discovered that Monsieur and Madame Fontbonne had fitted up a "hiding hole" for hunted priests, through whose visits they sometimes could have Mass and the Sacraments. On one occasion the life of a priest in hiding was saved by the alert wit of Madame who feigned eagerness to open the door of the obscure little cupboard, fumbling with a bunch of rusty old keys. Her apparent willingness, and the impatience of the pursuer to join an outside trail, saved the day, but left Madame and the household exhausted by the nerve racking ordeal.

And then, one day came the news that Robespierre, the godless idealist, had been chosen by the Convention as its head. One of the first acts of the Convention was an order for an intensive search for all priests and religious who had refused to take the blasphemous Civil Oath. With a price on their heads, the Superior of Monistrol and her companions could not long escape. A Judas was found who knew they were sheltered in their father's home.

Arrested and put in chains the little group was thrown into the filthy prison of St. Didier, then called Montfranc. At this period the prison authorities welcomed visits from relatives of prisoners, as supplies brought by them would save provisions for their jailers. During this period of incarceration, their aunt, Mother St. Frances, was brought to the same cell, a bare stone-floored room, often dripping with moisture.

Their father, mother, and brother, Claude, visited them and furnished food, whenever possible. Without this aid starvation would have been their portion, while waiting for their mock trial. Usually death was decreed before the trial and from day to day the Sisters awaiting the event prepared themselves, longing to sacrifice their lives for Christ.

During these weary months, Mother St. John, as the rebel leader, was made the target of the malice and insults of officials who tried to make her acknowledge the sacrilegious constitution. Finally they threatened to isolate her from her companions, but God spared them this trial. Not long after this the jailer announced,

Citizenesses, it is your turn tomorrow.

That night was passed in prayer, and meditation. They spent their last piece of money for the washing of their prison-worn linens, in honor of the Bridegroom they so soon were to meet.

Morning brought the disappointment of their hopes, with the announcement that Robespierre had met the fate so often meted out to others. His head had rolled into the basket of the guillotine.

The prisoners were free. Mother St. John's heart-broken comment was,

My Sisters, we were not worthy to die for our religion.

According to a little diary which Mother St. John managed to conceal from her captors we have the names of priests, friends and acquaintances murdered by "The Terror." Seven Sisters of St. Joseph were among the number; Sister St. Julian Farnier, Sister Elexis, Sister Anna Marie Farnier, Sister Marie Aubert, Mother St. Croix Vincent, Sister Madelaine Lenovert, and Sister Marie Tous-saint Demoulin. Their crime was fidelity to their faith and their religious vows.

III

Before the breaking of the revolutionary storm, Mother St. John, had, as her director, a saintly priest, Father Cholleton. He, like herself, survived the sufferings and privations of those unhappy years, and when a measure of peace had come to France he wished to establish as a community, a group of women devoted to prayer and contemplation. He had already formed the nucleus of this work, when Cardinal Fesch told him of his desire for the restoration of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and suggested that the Congregation be built up again, about the group called the *Black Daughters*, which the zealous priest had destined for the contemplative life. Sacrificing his cherished plan, he suggested to the Cardinal that Mother St. John Fontbonne was a religious fitted in every way for the work of reorganization. Thereupon the prelate sent Father Hubert as his messenger to the home of M. Fontbonne to ask Mother St. John to accept his appointment, arguing that well-instructed Catholic mothers would save the faith for France.

Very reluctantly and with great diffidence Mother St. John bowed to God's will, and after fifteen years of absence from her community, she agreed to the Cardinal's plan, and became the superior of Father Cholleton's *Black Daughters at Maison Pascal*. She hoped also to gradually gather together those of her scattered community who were still alive. She found a saintly group, who welcomed her and yielded themselves to her moulding, according to the Rule of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Great prudence, tact and kindness were needed. Mother St. John possessed all these and at once won the confidence and affection of her new community. God's blessing rested on them all, and after a year of training and adjustment, the twelve postulants received the habit. Mother St. John was called the superior and foundress and the name was to be the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons.

These first novices of the restored congregation were Anne Matrat, called Sister St. Francis Regis, Jeanne Marie Matrat, Sister St. Claire, Anne Marie Didier, Sister St. Paul, Suzanne Marcoux,

Sister St. John Baptist, Jeanne Poitrasson Gonnet, Sister St. Francis de Sales, Philippine Menard, Sister St. Teresa, Benoitte Perrin, Sister Marie, Antoinnette Gessier, Sister Marie Joseph, Marie Louise Foret, Sister St. Madeleine, and Elizabeth Placou, Sister St. Agnes.

The closing words of the sermon delivered on that important occasion were,

While increasing in number preserve always that humility, and simplicity which should characterize the Daughters of St. Joseph.

From Lyons, gradually houses spread throughout France and then to the other countries of Europe. St. Etienne was important among the earliest of these. Napoleon, a genius at organization, stipulated in his decree permitting the re-opening of religious houses, that a central house should be established from which other foundations might issue and to which they would be affiliated; the central or Mother House to be responsible for its affiliates through a system of general government. The superior of the Mother House was called Superior General. Various diocesan congregations of Sisters of St. Joseph thus developed with their own Mother House and General.

For the Mother House of Lyons, Mother St. John was the logical choice, for at the time she was presiding over St. Etienne. By the Bishop's order she was recalled to Lyons and appointed Mother General. Not long after, she was able to reestablish a community at her beloved Monistrol, which she acquired not by a rightful restoration, but by purchase from its present owner.

Conducting schools, orphanages, hospitals, work shops, visiting prisons, gathering supplies for the needy, catechetical work—all these tasks were included in the busy day of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The struggle was hard, but God blessed the efforts and zeal of the workers. He brought them benefactors and supplied their needs.

Toward the close of the year 1835 Mother St. John startled her community by the announcement,

Sisters, I have just come from an interview with Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis. He has asked that a band of our Sisters be sent to America.

(To be continued)

The Bortnyanski's Easter

By Maria Pavlovnia: (Dolores Welgoss)

It is Holy Saturday in the Ukraine, and in the wooden farmhouse of the Bortnyanski's, all are preparing for Easter.

"Masha," cried Mrs. Bortnyanski quickly throwing a woolen scarf over her crockery, bread-making jug, "close that door! Do you want my dough to fall? All night long I put wood on the fire to keep this dough warm so we will have nice 'paskha' tomorrow, and you leave the door wide open! Ach!"

"I'm sorry, Ma," apologized Masha, "but I had my hands full of eggs. And oh, the hens are laying such *big* ones! See! Even they, know tomorrow is Easter. Look at this one," she continued, holding up a large, smooth egg. "Won't this make a beautiful 'pysanka'? I wish Pa had more time to decorate eggs. He makes such beautiful ones!"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Bortnyanski, hurriedly kneading her dough. "More time! That's what I need. The horse-radish has to be grated, the red beets cleaned, and, oh, the 'koibaca'!" she exclaimed throwing up her floured hands. "I forgot all about it. Put it on to cook, will you Masha? The iron kettle is on the top shelf and watch now—don't fall! Ach, a body needs a hundred hands on holidays!"

Masha took down a large iron kettle from the cupboard and began to untangle the strings of sausages into it.

"Oye, I'm hungry," she sighed. "I feel like I could eat all these by myself. I bet I could, too, couldn't I Ma!"

Mother Bortnyanski's eyes left her bread-board for a minute and glanced at the slender body of her daughter.

"Well, maybe not *all* of them. Fasting is hard on you young people, but I still say," she continued, shaking her head approvingly, "It's good for you! Maybe it makes your body weak but it makes your soul strong. That is what counts! Besides, think how good these eggs, and meat will taste tomorrow. You know it isn't every day we have such a feast. It was good luck for us that the government inspector didn't miss that pig when he counted up the stock last week. And this 'paskha'" she exclaimed as she pushed a large round loaf into the high clay oven, "won't *it* taste good!"

Sophia Bortnyanski prided herself on making the best Easter bread in the village. And why not! Didn't her husband, Pavlo, raise the best wheat in the section? Pavlo—poor Pavlo! He had to work so hard since Ivan, their son, was killed by the Nazis. War! War! What good was it? Sophia's thoughts were broken by the wailing voice of Masha.

"Ma, how soon are we going to eat supper? It's getting dark outside!"

"Supper? Not already!" Sophia gasped. "Oh, dear! Where's that rascal Nicolai? He's never around when I want him. Masha, stir that borsch and then find your brother."

As Sophia ran about the kitchen calling off these orders the door opened.

"Oh! Here he is now with your Pa. Good! Masha, set the table! Nicolai, look at you! How did you get so black! Quick, go wash your hands!"

Sophia took her husband's hat and pulled out a chair for him.

"Aye, avlo! You look tired. Come, sit down."

Pavlo's heavy body sank deep into the chair.

"So, you are making 'paskha'," he said sniffing the air. "That is good! Mr. Shuisky says that Father Ambrose will visit the Catholic homes tonight to bless the Easter food. Tomorrow will not be a good day as the Communists will be watching. I think it is even risky for him to do it tonight!"

"Ach, indeed! Those Communists!" Mrs. Bortnyanski said in disgust waving a wooden spoon.

"Now, now, Sophia," Pavlo tried to soothe her. "We must not lose our heads. We must pray for them. Some day the Holy Liturgy will once again resound from our churches. Why, Father Ambrose says—"

"Aye, Father Ambrose," nodded Sophia. "He's a good man. And Mr. Shuisky, too, for hiding him. But if the Communists were to catch them—"

"Sophia, hush!" interrupted Pavlo.

At this moment, Nicolai ran into the room shouting, "Ma, I'm hungry. When can I have more 'paskha'?"

"Not until after it's blessed, dear," answered Masha lifting him into his place at the table. "Here, eat this borsch for now—tomorrow we feast! Pa, will you cut the bread, please?"

Suddenly, a faint knock was heard at the door. Mr. Bortnyanski looked questioningly at his wife and then went to answer it.

"Why, Father Ambrose," he exclaimed. "Quick, come in! We didn't expect you until late."

"Good evening, Father," Sophia greeted him. "You are just in time to have some borsch with us. Come, sit down!"

"No, thank you. I'm sorry but I cannot stay," Father Ambrose answered quietly. "The Communists have discovered that I am a priest and are searching the village for me. The underground has arranged a hiding place for me in Kiev. Our chances are slim but I must leave tonight. Is your Easter food ready? I will bless it and be on my way."

"Yes, Father, it is ready. Sophia has been working all day," Pavlo

answered, "but I fear for your safety. Is there anything that we can do to help?"

"No, Pavlo, nothing! Nothing, except pray. Pray very hard. But we must be quick now! Seconds are precious!

"Quick, Sophia, Masha" Pavlo ordered, "get the 'koibaca' and 'paskha'! Nicolai, get a candle!"

Pavlo turned around, gathered up the decorated eggs and placed them on the table with the sausages and bread. The candle was lit and all was silent except for the low prayers of the priest. At the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the little family crossed themselves. The priest took a small bunch of greenery, dipped it in Holy Water and blessed the food. Heavy footsteps were heard on the wooden veranda. All stiffened. The door swung open and three armed, uniformed men entered.

"Ambrose Petrovich," the huskiest one demanded looking directly at the priest, "come with us!"

The children hid behind Sophia whose wide, frightened eyes were upon the priest.

Pavlo took the priest's hand. Neither was able to speak.

"Come along," the soldier was demanding.

Father Ambrose gave Pavlo's hand one last tight squeeze and followed the men out.

"Oh, Pavlo," cried Sophia.

"Hush," whispered Pavlo. "Look! Father slipped this note to me while we were shaking hands. It says: 'Do not worry. These men, though dressed as soldiers, are friends. They are taking me to Kiev'."

"Oh!" breathed Sophia. "Thank God!"

SEA SPRITES

By Georgia Philbin

*When winds sweep up and seas break high
When gulls re-echo their ageless cry
When silvered sheets of ocean's blue
Hide its vast expanse from view
Old King Neptune's favored bands
Play and frolic near the sands.
Shimmering, iridescent scales
Glitter in the mermaids tails.
Phosphorescent little fish
Glide and slide, swirl and swish
Through the ocean's raging foam.
But at a conch shell's distant bay
The band departs, so legends say.*

Never So Good

By Betsy Knieriem

Janie folded the last white blouse, laid it in the suitcase which was lying on the bed, dropped the lid, and snapped the silver hinges down. She walked from bureau, to dressing table, to desk checking drawers and then opened the closet door. Sure enough, there hung the shoebag, the only thing left to be packed. Smiling, she unhooked it wondering at the number of times her blue and white "saddles" had rested in its chintz pockets and threw it on top of the pile of books in the corner. Wearily, she sat down, tilted her chair back and rested her foot on that convenient little shelf on the side of the desk. Carol's bed had always before kept her from tipping over backwards and she trusted that it would now, even though Room-mate had removed the pile of junk that usually weighted the bed down. She was tired, really tired. It's amazing the number of souvenirs one can collect in ten months even when you live just across town, own a car, and go home every weekend that you aren't campused. Why, she had started the cleaning and packing process right after breakfast this morning and now it was almost time for lunch.

"Yep," she thought, "the morning whizzed by." That wasn't strange, however, hadn't the past eight semesters whizzed by?

Janie's mind flipped the calendar back to September, 1946, the beginning of her first year at the College. Again she sat with one hundred and thirty five others who had that same scared, freshman feeling she had. Sister was calling the roll which would in the next three years become much shorter and much more familiar. At last came, "Jane Mary," Sister said, "Jane Mary Con . . . Conneally?"

"Yes, Sister," Janie answered, "you pronounced it correctly but I'd rather be known as Janie." Then she rattled off the information each was supposed to give. "I was graduated from St. Mary's High last June and I was vice prefect of the Sodality."

There was light applause from the other twenty-four who claimed St. Mary's as their alma mater but Janie was too busy, cooling sizzling cheeks with icy hands, to hear. She only hoped that her heart, which was throbbing wildly, would calm down and drop back into place. After all, the ordeal was over and it hadn't been too bad.

In a few days, when class schedules had straightened out and the freshmen had learned to recognize seniors by a relaxed, "sure-of-myself" attitude, Janie, as a result of electing to take Beginner's Journalism rather than Principles of Sociology, found herself a cub reporter for the school paper. She was assigned the task of interviewing other frosh for the big "get acquainted" issue and although

it was work, by the time deadline rolled around, she could connect most of the faces in Medieval History with at least a first name. Evidently, she was the only one whom the majority of the rest of the class recognized, for after the election ballots were tallied, Jane Conneally won fame as the first president of the class of 1950. Quite an honor—thanks to the school paper.

The rest of that year went moderately fast. There were class assignments and assignments for the paper. Christmas came and the freshman adviser received a camera as a token of the growing love of her students. February arrived complete with a new semester and a smaller class. Kitty had left to be married and others departed in search of careers. Later there was the raffle at which Barbara won a college ring. Janie, who now loved every inch of the campus, wished Barbara's honor were hers since school rings were ordinarily worn only by upper classmen. St. Patrick's Day passed and so did Easter. Finally, Janie went home to spend an agonized month and a half waiting for her final grades to arrive.

Sophomore Jane found her name not in the small print at the bottom of the newspaper masthead, but staring up at her in eight point bold type after the title "Departmental Editor." In other words, she was in charge of seeing that the third page was filled. Her saddle shoes got a workout that year as they strode up stairs two at a time, crossed and recrossed campus and eventually tracked down news from one or another of the club presidents.

When she wasn't on the reportorial run or perched on a stool in the News office typing, Janie spent her time where every other soph was to be found—behind that immense volume entitled *Survey of English Literature*. "Survey" was the cross all "wise fools" were forced to bear. The reading matter wasn't so terrible. On the contrary, it was this course which assured Janie that she wanted to be an English major, but the text book was *so* huge and it had to be carried three days a week for class and the other two days for the purpose of study. No wonder, Janie argued, that college students were round shouldered.

About January the Mardi Gras committees were formed and everything else became secondary. "The nifty class of 1950" was sponsoring its first dance, a costume ball, which would be a tradition if it were successful. These lassies didn't believe in failure. Jane and twenty or more of her cohorts spent an entire Saturday draping the social hall with multi-colored crepe paper and inflating balloons. She recalled blowing up twenty-eight one right after another which, though it seemed an impossible feat now, she knew she had done it since the reputation of the class demanded it. It was disheartening, however, to hear all the balloons, even the ones they had inflated down at the gas station, pop hours before the dance started. Sophomores were really grateful that Lent be-

gan the following Wednesday and that no big project was placed in their hands the rest of that year. They needed the rest.

Six weeks of the summer before Junior year, Janie spent at school studying American Literature and studying Shakespeare so that she would have more than the average amount of time to spend on the NEWS. Being editor would be quite a joy and, of course, she would be responsible for taking the copy and galleys to the printer and delivering the finished product to her readers. Life that year was one long series of deadlines, but she learned diplomacy. It took tact to explain to a reporter that stories were only news if they were in the future tense and to moderators that their articles would have been printed if the press chairman of their particular club had told the staff in time. The printer took some handling, too—but she usually won with a little coaxing. Many other things happened during those ten months. Janie became a boarder for the first time and found that you never really know people until you live with them. She realized also that living next door to the Chapel was an advantage. There was never a moment when He wasn't there to solve problems.

In April the student body began to buzz as everyone contemplated who would be president when Marjorie graduated. Several people teased, "Why don't you run, Janie?"

She reported, "Me? Why I haven't even got the grade point!"

Surprisingly, her name was on the list of eligibles, but it was a shock when one day early in May she was asked to sign a petition for office. After that time raced—Joan made her campaign speech and Janie accepted although she couldn't remember ten minutes later what she had said. Prom time arrived and two days later the announcement was made that she was president elect. She struggled through final exams and practiced for Commencement. At graduation exercises she navigated the steps properly in spite of the be-ribboned sheath of flowers. Then, at last it was all over and she headed for the mountains and two months of rest, rest, rest.

That fall Jane began a year of new experiences. She welcomed new students, conducted meetings, got out of bed at eleven one night to pick up a gang of stranded drama students, joined the Mothers' Guild board, bought faculty presents, collected spiritual bouquets, reprimanded students for minor offences, wrote official letters and even requested and was granted an extra holiday for the school. Yes, this was the year of years and now it was ending in just as great a flurry as it had begun. English comprehensive was over, the school operetta was over, the aloha dance was over, even the packing was completed. With that denouement, her reminiscences ended and her chair clicked down on to all four legs. There was a rap at the door and Mary stuck her head in and scolded, "Don't look so sad. Why don't you come down to lunch?"

Janie stood and sighed, "I'm not sad—just sentimental. Remember the line that soldier kept repeating in the movie the other night? Well, I'd say it this way, "I found a home at this college, Girlie. I never had it so good!"

"Neither have I," added Mary, "and that's for sure."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Betsy Knieriem, president of the Mount Student Body, will receive her degree on June 4th. She has not succeeded in concealing her identity under the name "*Janie*." "INTER Nos" appreciates her having contributed stories to two issues of the Quarterly.

SUNSET

By Georgia Philbin

*How does sunset look to those
Who've never seen the sea?
How can they envision
The splendor it must be?*

*How can they imagine
The slowly sinking sphere,
That dies in rose-red glory
Into a rosed blue tear?*

*How can they imagine
That opalescent mist
Which gathers just at sunset
Before the sea is kissed?*

*How does sunset look to those
Who've never seen the sea?
How can they envision
The splendor it must be?*

ANNUNCIATION

By Margaret O'Connell Knoell (an alumna)

*The young girls smooth their silken dresses
and twine pearl-chaplets in their tresses.
They play the harp; they pirouette
by silvered pools; like Aphrodite, they coquet
with suitors who bring jade or jewels. With sighs,
they savor this—their primrose paradise!*

*And while these pretty prodigals do play
a maiden girl, named Mary, is kneeling down to pray
and dream of Him, Beloved, her only chosen One.
She never longs for torques of gold from any son
of Adam; for she has gems from God's own hands:
the cameos of ivory snows; or sequined strands
from the spangling Sun; perhaps a chain of diamond rain;
or clusters of pale sapphired stars in nightly chatelaine.
Why listen to a lover's lute, with its lush honeyed words,
when she hears all heaven's opera—rendered by its birds?*

*The young girl wears no gilded gown; yet she is more fair
than the orris moonlight that veils her unbedizened hair.
No trembling pool—but an angel's sweet cascade
of words reflect the beauty that is Mary,—made
to fill God's Prophecy—alone to know the bliss
of an Eternal Bridegroom—and on her soul—His kiss!*

VISITATION

By Margaret O'Connell Knoell (an alumna)

*Mary—sweetly going—
to Juda's hills, enjoying
Nature's imitation
of her own anticipations
for the lily stalk is thickening
and shy bee-talk is quickening
in the grass, that rubs its sleepy eyes
and makes a motion as if to rise;
and fields are pied with green flannel patching—
an augur that Spring soon will be thatching
its roof on the earth; even harlequined trees
wear new green buttons on long brown sleeves;
and vines, now beaded with bright buds nuzzling
have started all of the kinsmen puzzling
the season's charade—does it say
that Spring's on its way—any day!*

*Mary—sweetly going—
as the lithe blue lupin blowing—
Mary—sweetly going
for a visit, somehow knowing
it is good to speak with others,
else why has God made brothers.
She shall bid her cousin well—
Elizabeth—that muted bell
that God shall ring—
that aged bell that shall bring
forth a primal Tone, to wake
the wilderness, to break
the sleep of centuries—the Tone to tell
the advent of the Lord Emmanuel!*

*AND MARY'S WORDS OF PRAISE SHALL BLOOM
AS FLOWERS FROM SPRING WITHIN HER WOMB!*

Through the Shadows With O. Henry

By Mary Margaret Schaefer

"The proudest man I have ever known was standing outside a barred door, dispensing quinine and pills to jailbirds." Thus Al Jennings describes his meeting with William Sydney Porter in the Ohio State Penitentiary. From Honduras, through Mexico, to a parting in California, and now a reunion in a damp prison cell the lawyer-turned-outlaw shared experiences with the man destined to be one of the greatest of all short story writers—O. Henry.

According to Jennings, Porter could scarcely bear "the galling humiliation of prison life," but he had an abiding faith in the worth of living and a "sane, poised viewpoint that all the cruel injustice of his prison sentence could not distort."

The author appropriately titled his reminiscences *THROUGH THE SHADOWS WITH O. HENRY*. In the fabric of details about the personality of Porter and Jennings's association with him before, during, and after their prison terms are entwined the multicolored strands that comprised O. Henry's literary genius.

Lighting his wistful realism was a smile, born of heartache and shame, that inspired faith and understanding in the hearts of men and women everywhere. Porter's buoyant gaiety and his humor were not the "offspark of happiness, but of the truth as he saw it." He was not an "incorrigible optimist," but he believed that, despite inevitable failures, his life was destined for ultimate triumph. Nor was he a grim artist painting a harsh picture for the world. He loved a happy ending. He took the cruel, uncompromising facts of prison existence and of the prisoners' lives and twisted them to suit his "light and winsome fancy." Stories seemed to suggest ideas; he never used material just as it was told to him.

All through Jennings's book recur the descriptions of O. Henry's imagination and selective practices. "He would begin with a whimsical absurdity" and use this as a string for his fancies, picking up a thought here, an oddity there. "The slightest detail would sometimes absorb him and seem to fill him with inspiration."

Although Porter and Jennings agreed that genius was "supposed to take the mean and the ordinary and tell it in a vital way," Jennings says he could not always understand Porter's discrimination. The latter would often ignore what the former considered "a drama."

Porter had distinct theories as to the purpose of the short story. "It is," he would say, "a potent medium of education. It should break down prejudice with understanding." The unlimited pains he took to realize that purpose made him a master of that medium. He neglected nothing—character setting, atmosphere, traits, slang—all were considered; all were in harmony with the theme. He re-

vised, slashed, added, "put in the kick that made it a story." He was a slave to the dictionary, poring over it, taking an infinite relish in the discovery of a new twist to a word.

In reply to Jennings's question as to whether he dashed off stories on inspiration and without trouble O. Henry replied:

"Sometimes I can't make the story go, and I lay it away for a happier moment." Opening a desk drawer and pointing to a crammed-down heap of papers, he continued, "There is a lot of unfinished business in there that will have to be transacted some day. I don't dash off stories. I'm always thinking about them, and I seldom start to write until the thing is finished in my mind."

All the painstaking effort, the disappointments, the striving that went into O. Henry's success are a lesson to others. Nothing without labor. His ideas of the purpose of the short story are as fresh and vital and true today as when they came to him. His style is in itself a source book for writers. The statement that "the wealth of his self-expression was worth more to him than economic affluence" should give pause to discouraged authors who feel that if financial rewards are not immediate and tremendous, they have failed.

Jennings seems to have acquired some of O. Henry's sympathy. His treatment of his famous friend is analytical, just, and tinged with open-eyed hero-worship. It is not strictly a biography; much of Jennings's life and personality appear in the story. Far from detracting from the main character the personalized narrative heightens the impression of authenticity and informality. I like Jennings's modest appraisal of his own talents as compared with those of O. Henry.

In a few words O. Henry summed up his own literary ambitions:

"I propose to send the down-and-outers into the drawing-rooms of the 'get-it-alls,'" and I intend to insure their welcome. All that the world needs is a little more sympathy. I'm going to make the American Four Hundred step into the shoes of the Four Million."

TO YOUTHFUL MELANCHOLY

By Maryann Munnemann

*Time was
When to my heart
Came no sweet sorrow.
Now I weep
Tear sharp and brief
For no tomorrow.*

The Mass of the Angels

By Frances Formanek

Father Juan Ortega, gazed sadly at the mute and cobwebby choir-loft. It was December 22nd, but ever since he had arrived in this poor Mexican parish in Los Angeles (and that had been two months before), he hadn't been able to assemble a choir to celebrate the Babe's birthday. His parishioners were friendly but uncooperative, for they told Father Juan that singing was only for the angels. Father had just finished a novena to the Christ Child, asking Him for someone, if only one little singer, to praise Him on the feast of the Nativity.

There were still three days for God to fulfill his desire. Deciding that he needed a brisk walk, Father hurried aimlessly up Garcia Calle. Turning onto Richondo he almost collided with a small boy, dusky-skinned and ragged, who flashed a quick, white smile at him and continued a little tune he was singing softly: "En el portal de Belen, El nacimiento de Cristo."

Father started in surprise and grabbed the youngster's arm as he ambled away.

"Do you live around here?"

The boy nodded, his eyes shining through dark fringes.

"What's your name, hijo mio?"

"Angel, padre."

The priest, trying to hide his eagerness, but failing, burst out with: "Would you like to sing on Christmas morning? I will teach you some Christmas hymns."

The youngster enthused many "si's" and added, "padre, may I bring my friends to sing, too?"

"Si, hijo mio; go get them now and we shall practice the hymns."

Angel hurried off, whistling his Christmas song happily and in fifteen minutes was back with his tattered companions, all boyishly noisy and cheerful.

Father Juan had decided not to teach them a high Mass, but they learned the hymns so rapidly and so accurately that he soon had taught them the Mass of the Angels, too. He was so pleased that he planned a little surprise party for them after the Mass.

On Christmas morning, the child choir, clothed neatly in red cassocks and white surplices, sang so sweetly and perfectly that the parishioners were actually thrilled with the significance of this great feast.

After Mass, Father Juan, smiling joyfully, hurried to the choir-loft to congratulate the youngsters and to invite them to his party. No one was there but each vestment was folded carefully and had been placed on the seat of each pew.

Father, disappointment in his face, picked up the vestments slowly, and as he did so, a golden halo fell from one. Father Juan picked it up and fell to his knees.

"Gratias, Dios mio; this is truly La Ciudad de Los Angeles."

On Stairs

By Mary Anne Becker

"How do you keep such a small waistline?"

This has been a frequent question asked of me. My answer?

"I climb stairs every day, all day." And it is the truth. I have never seen so many steps per square foot as there are at the Mount.

As a freshman I often thought of taking a day off from my studies and counting them. After the first week of continuously ascending and descending I canceled the thought. Still, some day, when I have nothing to distract me from this task I should like very much to count how many steps the Mount has.

The first steps I descended were the steps from the chapel. They are very wide and excellent for skipping down two-at-a-time. Only one thing is wrong, once a person starts down on such a trip, she cannot stop until she reaches the bottom. There were many times I would have had shredded stockings if I did not possess more than ordinary balance. This latter a Mount student needs because the angle of the stair range from thirty degrees to eighty-nine and one-half degrees.

From the top of the chapel steps I can see the most wonderful of views. At my feet lies the college, St. Joseph's Hall to the left and front, the library and lounge to the right. From the foot of the mountain to the horizon and beyond stretches the city of Los Angeles. To the west lies the ocean, inviting on warm days, glad-to-be-away-from on cold. On clear days I can even see the San Clemente Islands and Catalina. But then, the smog rises and I cannot even see U.C.L.A. which is just below in Westwood.

These steps lead to someplace beautiful, besides just the view—Mary's Chapel. Simplicity is its keynote with all pointed toward the central place, the tabernacle. This is the only building that is completely on level ground, and yet here also is a flight of steps leading to the choir loft. This flight is the only one that I have not ascended.

Whether St. Joseph's Hall contains more steps than Residence Hall I cannot say. The only basis for comparison I have found is that St. Joseph's has shorter but more flights and Residence Hall has not as many flights but they are longer. Of course, if one is a senior, she may use the elevator, if it is not already in use.

Between these two halls plus the chapel steps and the numerous flights you can see without looking, my freshman year consisted of going up and down the learning between climbs. Just before the end of that year the library was finished. Now this was fine, it was just what we needed and below it was a spacious social hall. But it also has the famous eighty-nine and one-half stairway. The first

time I really attempted these steps I was carrying two chairs and wore high heels. My guardian angel and I became fast friends during that short two minutes. In addition to these steps there are nine more fights, a small number in comparison to that which we have in the school, but they are so situated that to get from one place to the next one must travel on them.

At the start of my sophomore year I weighed a heavy 110. Soon after my weight went down to 102 and there it has stayed. My mother had trouble fitting new dresses on me during my high-school days but since I am at the Mount the new dresses either swamp or smother me.

That year we all became acquainted with the new building by climbing down to the stacks, up again to the reference room and down to the Social Hall for classes. This was the last year the President of the school had the floors and stairs waxed. Plus this, they did not have the steel runners on them which they do now. Try walking on them with heels, wearing an afternoon dress or formal, and showing various groups of high school seniors the layout of the college. The seniors were not used to the many flights so they were careful to place the whole foot down before putting their weight on it; but I, secure in my knowledge, forgot the wax and many times thanked my guardian angel for his help.

My third year the runners were added to the steps in St. Joseph's Hall. Now all that I worry about is catching a loose end on my sole. Another feature that belongs to these steps is one that I have already mentioned in connection with the Chapel steps; that is not being able to stop until you reach the bottom. Many times I have seen my classmates practice handstands when they reach the bottom. More than once I have seen and experienced spilled books and papers.

Mentioning the Chapel steps reminds me of another of their characteristics. To explain I shall cite my feelings during a retreat in which we had rainy weather.

It rained all three adys of the retreat with everything getting wetter by the minute. To add to the anguish we were to wear cap and gown to all exercises in the chapel. What happens, every time we walked upon the steps we got showers from below as well as above. And if I stepped in a puddle hard enough I could have my face washed three or four times besides the normal once a day. And it always put me in the right mood to listen to the retreat master's lecture.

My senior year is just a semester over and yet I have traveled on more steps than the total of the three preceding years. My course has been so arranged by the faculty that I have classes on all three floors of St. Joseph's Hall, several in the Library, one in the music building and one to the back of the Chapel, on the recreation ground.

The only steps I have not spoken of are the ones leading into the Bowl. These are the last steps the out-going seniors climb to receive their diplomas. The past three years I have often thought and I know it shall re-occur upon my graduation day that but for the steps leading to and from the various places there would be no Mount Saint Mary's College.

PATTERN OF THE PIER

By Barbara Barnes

*Roaming sailors
Form a band.
Boy and girl
Gaze, hand in hand.*

*Lights twinkle,
Sway and dance.
Voices boom,
"Take a chance."*

*Clowns prance
With floppy feet.
Man with sigh
Yells, "It's a treat."*

*Raggy woman
Calls, "Fortune here,"
Trying to hide
Her deceptive leer.*

*The penny arcade,
Where most men fall,
Extends far down a narrow hall.*

*To left and right
Are spread the booths
Advertising famed
Ill truths.*

*Faces and color
Stereoscoped.
Ocean front—
A kaleidoscope!*

The Serape

Barbara Barnes

Swaggering proudly through the ancient stone hewn door and passing into the fountain decorated patio, he thought of the fools who were laughing and gloating—gloating because he had accepted the bet.

Wrapping the serape closer to his shivering body, he smiled at the dark-skinned attendant who opened a heavy wooden door. Stepping inside, he braced himself against the damp coldness that seeped to his skin through its meager protection.

Slowly the door closed behind him and he heard the porter latch the heavy iron bolts.

Feeling his way along the slippery frosted walls, he forced himself down the endless narrow stairs wishing for a ray of sunlight. Stumbling into the musty basement, his knees kissed the mud coated floor. Somehow he managed to regain his equilibrium.

He fumbled in his pockets and finally discovered the package of matches he had so carefully saved. Perhaps it would be best not to see the cold crooked stone walls? It was bad enough just feeling them. But he must know exact positions.

He struck the match against the side of the box, and felt its warmth against his unsteady hands. For a running moment he enjoyed the sulphur odor which chased the choking mustiness from the air. The match cast a little aura of light about him. At his left stood a rudely constructed table whose strong legs might have been pillars. Directly before him the peculiar, oblong wooden boxes were stacked. He didn't wish to look further, knowing what was beyond the closed boxes. There were the opened ones.

He had seen them so many times, but now it was different. Always before there had been a companion to joke with, someone with whom to exchange sickly but reassuringly companionable grins. Worst of all, now even the daylight was gone and only the somber darkness of night remained.

The match flickered out, leaving a twisted, black, melting wax twig in his trembling fingers.

His terror grew, and he lit another match. The rays reached out again, fondling the darkened objects shrouded in obscure shadows. He must conquer this horror! He must face the worst.

With dogged determination he moved toward the open boxes.

There were the faces, brownish yellow. That one's mouth gaped grotesquely as though screaming for help. The skin was like tanned leather stretched tight across the bones of mold. On the forehead several strands of straggling hair darkly crawled out from beneath the monk's hood. The feet, half decayed, protruded ungracefully from the end of the tipped coffin.

He walked back toward the table, with more steadiness and stood for a minute in the darkness. From his pocket he took a pack of cigarettes. He lit another match and then lifted it in cupped hands to a cigarette. His eyes sought the bodies.

The worst one was the most fascinating. The corpse was seven feet tall; its coffin's height exceeded all the others. The greyly-molded black robe clung to the crumbling mass beneath. Was its mouth opening and closing?

With newly stoked fear he cried out and blunderingly dropped his matches and cigarettes. Crawling on hands and knees, he slopped about on the muddy foul-smelling stones to retrieve them. He nearly fell into the open hole that led to the crypt below. The cigarettes and matches must have fallen down there, down with the hundreds of bodies. He staggered to his feet and ran from the hole.

Now he was alone, completely alone, without even a match.

As time passed his eyes grew used to darkness and began to distinguish objects—the table, the boxes, the faces.

"Dios!" The hands had changed position. There—a finger moved, the yellow teeth glittered phosphorescently.

Then came a flash of light. The trembling figure of the man stood erect in stark terror. The light, where did it come from!

There again!

In the flashes of light each face was assuming the same expression, the expression of a monster ready to attack. The cracking fingers clenched themselves, closed and opened, closed and opened.

One stepped forward.

Shrieking, serape trailing behind him, the terror-driven figure ran toward the steps in an attempt to escape the intruding light and assailant.

But there he was caught. He could not move. Those same crumbled hands would regain their power. They would kill him—kill him—kill him.

Screaming in agony, "Jesu Christi," he struggled and fell to the floor, caught in a grasp of immovable power.

* * *

April 5, 1945—San Angel, District Federal

Last night, Louis Cabrera, fulfilling a wager made with friends, slept among the mummies in the Convento del Carmel, now owned and operated by the government as a site of historical interest. Several of his friends shone a flashlight beam through the barred cell windows to reassure him of his safety in their nearness.

This morning the custodian found Senor Cabrera lying dead on the floor beside a roughly-hewn table. His serape had caught on a protruding nail.

Dr. Revilla, the police coroner, states that the deceased died of a heart attack.

His rosary will be recited this evening at the cathedral. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

Awakening on Wheels

By Elizabeth Ann Joyce, an alumna

(A Phi Beta Kappa prize winner)

In these emancipated days of intellectual honesty, it behooves a girl in a collegiate institution to have a philosophy of life. It's like having your teeth straightened. It's like taking care of your cuticle. You simply cannot be anything in the drawing room without one, for there comes a time after every dinner party, or any affiliated function when a girl without a philosophy of life, or something there akin, about which to converse, might just as well have a thorough-going speech deficiency. And without a crystalizing of such personalized theories, we are liable to be a group of amiable yes-and-maybe women, going about with the Right People and being seen at the Right Places, but never being quite sure of why we do the Right things. This is not meant to apply to those who have a tendency to take a volume of *Gibbon's Rome* from the book-case after dinner, and whip off a few hundred pages before bed-time. I speak for the rest of us. And that's most of us. We go gaily along taking philosophy courses as we do mathematic courses, a group of tidily annotated little facts to be filed away in our cranial convolutions until time for final examinations. We do not think about the relation to our own mental processes, as did an old Greek with a hemlock cocktail. But it's there, and the time that annoying gentleman in Philosophy 4A made you write your philosophy of life, was not in vain. Formulation of these codes is often difficult.

Mine wasn't. Mine was easy. Mine was formulated in just forty hours. As a maid of nineteen years, I took a bus trip. Ladies and Gentlemen, for a quick, easy, but not entirely painless method of feeling the pulse of your fellow man, not to mention woman, I give you the Great American Bus.

My mother and I had spent the summer in Portland, Oregon. A week before the September semester began, I was still in the Great Northwest. Mother was still going about the city of her salad days, seeing people, and it was decided that I should return to Los Angeles alone. Why the train was not selected as a means of conveyance, I shall never know. However, I shall always have an underlying suspicion that Mother had heard one too many tales about young girls travelling on our railway system. Drummers, I believe, certain travellers were called in her day.

So the bus was selected as the best means of conducting the school girl back to her slate and stencils. We picked a nice plump bus, with bouncy looking cushions, which guaranteed to deliver me in Los Angeles to my vigilant father in the minimum time with the maximum comfort and safety. I had made the inter-city trip many times before, but never alone, and certainly never with just

"the folks." Knowing the bus riders as I do now, I can't call them anything but folks—a nice, comfy, adjustable word. I had made the trip by rail, by boat, and by auto, but always definitely *en famille*.

The morning of my solo departure, various relatives and friends had collected at the terminal to bid me *bon voyage*. Mother was alternately assuring me that all would be well, and voicing the thought that maybe I had better not go after all. There were the obvious questions. Would I telegraph the instant I reached my Father? Did I have my ticket? Did I have my sack of apples from Aunt Nell? "So settlin'" apples were, according to Aunt Nell. Dear Aunt Nell, she had never outlived the theory that all things mechanical were diabolically constructed affairs, perpetrated upon the public for the express purpose of arousing stomach disorders.

In the midst of these goings-on, a middle-aged woman made her way toward us. Now, this woman was built like a kangaroo—thin and thick in the wrong spots. Her hair was swathed about her head like strands of frazzled rope. But to Mother, she looked like a Providence-sent angel. She was, it developed, a Miss Cartwright, of the faculty of the Portland High School, and had probably had something to do with the laying of the corner stone. She had taught my Mother in the dear, dead days, and was making the same trip on the same bus as I. Mother's troubles slid from her shoulders. Here was a substitute maternal hen. Miss Cartwright and I would have a lovely time. She was travelling with a book entitled "Fascinating Facts About the Western States," and a bottle of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts which never left her hand. It was apparent that Miss Cartwright and I would simply have a whirl.

I defy anyone to have anything untoward occur under the direct supervision of Miss Cartwright. *Direct* supervision, however, was to be none of mine. To the uninitiate, such as I, the very merits of bus seats were an unplumbed depth—not so Miss Cartwright. Seats by the windows, it seems, were the jewels. Miss Cartwright had come early, and installed her little alligator valise and her reticule on a window seat, the other half of which had since been taken. I would not, then, actually sit with Miss Cartwright. There remained one seat by a window, and there I settled myself. By this time, I was the pioneer woman incarnate, ready for any and all emergencies. I would, however, hold myself aloof. I had the snobishness which comes of living in the best part of town, and having attended the best dancing school from three upward. I would be sweetly remote. The other travellers were another species. I would be dignified and withdrawn, poised and reserved; not exactly rude. But there were castes, and mine was best, and I would keep to it. This is an unavoidable mental set concurrent with a background such as mine. I had delusions of grandeur. I was the Colonel's Lady being slightly inconvenienced for forty hours; but I was being grandly tolerant about it all.

At this point, a small Chinaman sat down beside me. I tightened

my mental reins, and assured myself that this was life, and I could endure it; the White Man's Burden sort of thing. I looked full at him. His was an indefinite degree of antiquity, and he had a face like an aged prune. And he was cross-eyed—no doubt a healthy pair of eyes, but definitely off in the focussing field. I think that even to the staunchest, high caste heart, a cross-eyed oriental would cause a quiver. Travel, the Great Leveller, had not yet laid his brotherly hand upon my head. I collected my things, and made for another seat. The only remaining one was next to a young girl. She, of course, was by the window, and I took the aisle seat. She was chewing gum with a remarkable rhythmic down-beat, and reading. Her frizzed hair stiffened out from under a beret, and her make-up looked as if she had put it on with a trowel. She offered me a booklet from a pile she had. It was an issue of that ancient if not honorable periodical, by name "Captain Billy's Whiz Bang." I declined in a well-modulated voice, and withdrew into the silences.

Two hours later, my mental chill was dissipated by the occurrence of a physical one. The man in the seat in front of us, was given to fresh air. He had his window down, and the arctic blast from the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, was hitting me full in the face. I hadn't known you needed blankets on busses. I was wearing a smart, light-weight California coat. The girl with the frizzled hair, whose name, it seemed, was Beulah, hauled out a thick, wooly blanket. I looked at it with an expression like an urchin pushing his nose against a bakery window. "Want some a' this, kid?" asked Beulah. I did. I did definitely, and said as much. So Beulah and I wrapped ourselves in it. My reserve was fast slipping. You can't be nobly tolerant toward someone who is sharing her blanket with you. Needless to say, I was soon reading her periodicals, and forcing hearty laughter over the same, old time-worn stories, told in a more vulgar manner. Whiz-Bangs and Blankets was a better combination than Caste and Pneumonia.

Before we reached Los Angeles, Beulah and I were great friends. We talked about everything. She was going to San Pedro to meet and marry a sailor. She had worked since she was twelve, supporting a younger sister, and keeping her in a semi-charitable boarding school. She had no feeling that she had received an unfair deal from life. She had so much more easy tolerance, and love for her fellow man than I, that I am ashamed to think of it, even now. She told me that when I sat down beside her, she had experienced the same recoil I had. I was equally foreign to her. She was no older than I, but a fond and solicitous family had ensconced me on the bus, while no one, since she could remember, had cared what happened to Beulah. I was a leech like creature to her. Yet, when my teeth began chattering, she had overridden all this, and offered me half her blanket, still with the same distaste for me, as an individual. She said, "You was cold, wasn't you? I had a blanket, didn't I? Well—"

Beulah had a philosophy. She said, "Kid, the way I look at it, is

this; you gotta live with yourself always, see? And if you do things that make it so's when you look down inside you see things that aren't pretty, why you're only hurting yourself. So why do them? Couched like that, it's simple. Beulah hit me between the eyes. I had never before thought that we lived ethical, honorable lives for ourselves. In my mind, we were ethical and honorable for Mother and Father, for the teacher, and for Santa Claus. I am not putting these speeches into the mouth of Beulah in the hope that you will read them to violin music off-stage. I am not painting her as the Poor Little Match Girl, or any such saccharine character. Her philosophy was a good part selfishness. Beulah played those rules, because that was the way she, personally, liked Beulah best. She had hit upon a universal truth. Thus, the value of self-respect and a working code of honor, I had learned from a sailor's sweetheart in an overland bus.

Apparently the United States Navy, and adherents there-unto, were the means of jolting me from my convention-grooved state of mind, for the next episode dealt with one of the boys in blue. Little, he was, and of that true American aristocracy, the prairie-born. Aisles of tasseled corn were his idea of marble halls. In the final analysis, I guess he wasn't far wrong. At a little town in the icy Cascade Mountains, he boarded the bus. There were no seats, but he was armed with a folding camp-stool. His ship was sailing from Long Beach, and he had miscalculated his leave. It was essential that he be there on time, or he court-martialed for desertion. With the consent of all the travellers, he was allowed to join us and unfold his little camp-stool in the foot and a half wide aisle. At nine o'clock, all bus riders retire. This is accomplished by adjusting the seat to a forty-five degree angle, and closing the eyes. The sailor was established directly beside me in the aisle. By nine thirty, all the passengers were asleep. Heads, mouths agape, rolled back and forth at the motion of the bus to grotesque rhythm. Only the sailor couldn't sleep. He had no support for his back. He tried resting his head on his elbow-propped arms. I was dozing. Just as the deeping layers of sleep would fold over me, the sailor's head and shoulders would fall into my lap. He would apologize profusely and re-prop himself. This happened five times. If Beulah could step out of caste, I could. I pointed out that neither of us was sleeping, or was likely to; and that if he would put his head in my lap, it would be better for both of us. He did and we slept soundly. I, who had regarded a sailor as an untouchable, I, with my super-imposed morals, slept two nights with the head and shoulders of the lowliest minion of Uncle Sam's fighting men in my lap. But, O woe! day, Miss Cartwright in the seat behind awoke at our mutterings and sat the remainder of the night as if strapped to an ironing board. But I am proud of what I did, not as a feat, but as a symbol of my awakening philosophy. Sailors are still a foreign article to me as sailors—but I know they're people, now. This one was from

Iowa, and nostalgic. He talked of nothing but his mother and the farm.

Through these people, and the others of the mechanized caravan, I readjusted my sense of values. I know, now, that station in life, contrary to the copy books, is nothing. I know that some place between Beulah and Miss Cartwright, there is a divine middle ground. I will avoid those rankling fetters which made Miss Cartwright what she is; one of those drab little people, with drab little minds.

Somewhere there is a sublime brotherhood of man which recognizes each person's God-given individuality. Beautiful people with clean awake faces. Somewhere there is a glittering legion with snow white banners, whose feet never touch the workaday earth, and I'm off after them. I think, now, I have at least developed the capacity to live up to my birthright. All of my daughters will be sent on bus trips when they are nineteen years old.

BACH: LADDER OF LIGHT

By Erica Orth

*There are those that find God
Only in solitude,
In Love's quiet void, away from music and light.
And there in the mystical perfection
Is pinnaced the height I shall never know.*

*In the star-splintered way
Of my young few years
There cling still the shadows of a soul in the night,
Loving in the rush of note-falling tears,
Needing the warmth of a faint fired glow.*

*In the upward cadence of the plain songs
Sweeps the hushed silence where my heart longs.*

The Mount

By Frances Formanek

On clear days the Mount appears to my eye like a gleaming, snowy wash hanging on the line for all to see; but, on wintry days, with the rain beating on its roofs with the uneven rhythm of a toy drum or pattering onto the cement like the persistent clap of

tiny hands, this beautiful school, with damp staining its concrete walls, takes on the aspect of a tattle-tale gray wash.

When several inches of snow visited the Mount last year, it looked as if she had suddenly grown old, her white head, proud and erect; she gave sad but dignified reproofs to the myriads of gayly-attired little bugs and the bright light of day vying with one another to uproot all the hairs of her snowy head and to re-reveal the dark roots of her young, 25-year-old self.

Alumnae Echoes

MRS. CHARLOTTE CERUTI BOURNE has shown her interest in the Mount, by materially aiding the department of Bacteriology. She has supplied numerous cultures, valuable for student instruction. Charlotte is in charge of the Bacteriology laboratory at General Hospital.

Good reports have come in, regarding DOLORES BOWLER, doing medical technician work at St. John's Hospital, also of the high quality of work being done as technicians in the laboratory at St. Vincents, by KAY REGAN and CATHERINE HOGAN, and of MILDRED LERCH at Childrens' Hospital.

BERNADETTE DUMBACH has been given a private laboratory at General Hospital for research in papiniculo staining method for detection of cancer. She has volunteered a demonstration for the cancer research students of the Mount. Through the good offices of Doctor Pollia, a very fine new station wagon has been given to Mount St. Mary's by the Boyer Foundation for Cancer Research. It will provide transportation for students in that field who are engaged in some off-campus work.

ELLEN GARRECHT, now a student in the School of Medicine at Creighton University, Omaha, passed her first semester examinations with a very creditable showing. Ellen is very much pleased with her surroundings, professors, and newly made friends.

MARGARET CROSBY (Mrs. A. J. Thielen) visited the Mount recently with her husband.

MARGUERITE BIGGS, on February 11, became Mrs. John Cromie.

MADONNA BARNES JOHNSON is the mother of a baby daughter, Sue Ellen, her first child.

LOIS O'CONNELL is now Mrs. Ralph Bruneau. They are living in Phoenix.

PAT MAHONEY, Mrs. Joseph Schwartz, has a recent arrival.

GLORIA HAYES (Mrs. George De Giovanni) and PORTIA HAYES (Mrs. James Cotter) were married with a double wedding ceremony on April 15th.

DORIS SCHUCK REICHEL is living in Hawaii with her daughter,

Sharon Ann, while her husband is in Japan with the Naval Air Force.

JACQUELINE FLETCHER (Mrs. Timothy Kelly) and PAT BECKER passed the National and State Board examinations in medical technology. Dr. Hummer was notified that they both ranked in the upper third. Jackie is in charge of the laboratory of Dr. Markser in Beverly Hills and Pat still works in the laboratory of St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica.

New babies were welcomed in the homes of LEE FITZGERALD MCGEEVER, and of EDALYN EWELL PFOST.

KATHRYN HROMATKA ROMANO has three children. The eldest, Joanie aged seven, has started music lessons at St. Mary's Academy, her mother's high school, Alma Mater. To the kindness of Kathryn's father, Mount Saint Mary's owes its artistic graduation "movies."

GRACE STARK has completed initial arrangements for civilian service with the army of occupation in Europe. Grace hopes to be over there in time for a Holy Year Pilgrimage.

Mount Alumnae of San Diego city and county are "up and coming." WINIFRED CALLOWAY reports that they are forming an Alumnae Chapter and plan to be represented by delegates at Alumnae affairs when all cannot personally attend these functions. Eleven members were present at a tea recently given at the home of Mrs. MARGARET MILLER HOAKS, of Encinitas, when the founding of a Mount Alumnae Chapter was discussed.

DORIS OLIVER was among this group, and gave an interesting account of her trip to Europe, following graduation, and of an audience with the Holy Father, who spoke to her in Portuguese.

MAUREEN TROUNCE (Mrs. Ray Appel) reports another school added to her Physical Education teaching program.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE (Mrs. Jack Scanlon) says she keeps busy with Jack and her two little daughters, not to mention "interior decorating" of their department.

WINTER MOONLIGHT

By Maryann Munnemann

*Winter moonlight
blue and blade-bright
sparks the snow.
Silhouette-dark
tall trees mark
stark beauty.*

